

LACY'S ACTING EDITION

*Clara & Charles*

# THRICE MARRIED.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
THEATRICAL BOOKSELLER,  
**89 STRAND, LONDON; W. C.**  
(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden,)

MITCHELL, 33. Old Bond Street; Roberts, 195, Shoreditch;  
BIRMINGHAM, Guest, *Bull Street*; BRISTOL, Bingham,  
*Broad Street*; DUBLIN, Wiseheart, *Suffolk Street*,  
EDINBURGH, Nichol, *Calton Street*; GLASGOW, Love,  
*Enoch's Square*; LEEDS, Ramsden; LIVERPOOL, Meyrick,  
*Hanover Street*; MANCHESTER, Heywood, *Deansgate*; and  
Leggett, *Medlock Street, Hulme*.

NEWCASTLE ON TYNE, Allan, *Collingwood Street*.  
MELBOURNE, Australia, Robertson.

W. V. Spencer, 128, Washington Street, BOSTON, U. S.  
S. French, 122, Nassau Street, NEW YORK.

(BY ORDER) OF ALL BOOKSELLERS IN ENGLAND  
THE COLONIES, OR AMERICA,

14 VIEWS OF THE SCENES &c. OF THE WINTER'S TALE & RICHARD 2nd, 1s. each play.

KNIGHT'S CABINET OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS, 6D. EACH.  
EDITION

DRAMAS FOR THE DRAWING ROOM, } BY MISS KEATING,  
And the Volume for 1859, } One Shilling each.  
PLAYS FOR THE PARLOUR,

ACTING CHARADES by Miss Pickering, 1s.

JOE MILLER'S OWN JEST BOOK. 1s.

Sir E. B. LYTTON'S Plays,

*Lady of Lyons—Richelieu—Money—Duchess de la Valliere and  
Not so Bad as we seem,—In one volume, for 6s. Post Free.*

SHERIDAN KNOWLES' Complete Plays,  
In One Volume for 7s. Post Free.

THE LIFE OF A SHOWMAN, Price 1s.

READING, SPEAKING AND ACTION, the Essence of all written  
upon Elocution, by C. W. Smith, price 4d.

NO CHARGE FOR POSTAGE.

Knights Pictorial Shakespeare—Parts to complete sets.

Coloured Costumes 3d—Scenes of the most popular Plays and Operas—4d per sheet—or in sets.  
Coloured Costumes of Winter's Tale in 4, and Henry 8th, in 3 Parts of 6 sheets at 1s. 6d. each



**VOL. I.**

Silent Woman (A)  
 I'll be your Second  
 Bombastes Furioso  
 State Prisoner  
 Tooth-ache  
 Power and Principle  
 Anything for a Change  
 E. s. Passio n [sion  
 U. e Intru-  
 gacy (A)  
 Thu.  
 Box a  
 Left tl ge  
 John D s  
 Subterfu (The)  
 Twould Puzzle a Conju  
 Macbeth Travestie [for

**VOL. II.**

Sink Swim  
 Dia ad Cut Diamond  
 Cri.  
 Sasher and Crasher  
 N a Bad Judge  
 Time Tries All  
 Poor Cousin Walter  
 Domestic Economy  
 Ladies' Battle  
 Cool as a Cucumber  
 Very Suspicious  
 Box and Cox Married  
 Betsy Baker  
 Loan of a Lover  
 Where there's a Will  
 Stage Struck

**VOL. III.**

Deaf as a Post  
 Desperate Game  
 A. S. S.  
 Fast Train  
 Maid with Milking Pail  
 Trying it on  
 Handsome Husband (A)  
 P. P.  
 My First Fit of Gout  
 Somebody Else  
 Chesterfield Thinskin  
 Curious Case (A)  
 Little Toddlekins  
 Whitebait at Greenwich  
 Pretty Piece of Busi-  
 Bachelor of Arts [ness

**VOL. IV.**

First Night (A)  
 Perfection  
 No. 1 Round the Corner  
 Storm in a Tea Cup  
 Jacobite  
 To Oblige Benson  
 Family Jars  
 From Village to Court  
 Sunshine thro' Clouds  
 Heads or Tails?  
 As Like as Two Peas  
 ish out of Water  
 Court of Oberon  
 My Wife's Diary  
 Good Little Wife (A)  
 Rough Diamond The

**VOL. V.**

Wonderful Woman (A)  
 Delicate Ground  
 Captain of the Watch  
 Two in the Morning  
 Only a Clod  
 Morning Call [Thing  
 Too Much of a Good

Still Waters Run Deep  
 Cabinet Question (A)  
 Married Daughters  
 Dowager (The)  
 Only a Halfpenny  
 Blighted Being (A)  
 My Wife's Mother  
 Who Speaks First  
 Four Sisters

**VOL. VI.**

Wandering Minstrel  
 Villikins and Dinah  
 Day after the Wedding  
 Noémie [pearances  
 Don't Judge by Ap-  
 Heir at Law  
 Spring and Autumn  
 Taming a Tiger  
 Cozy Couple [Name  
 Give a Dog a Bad  
 Paris and Back for £5  
 Urgent Private Affairs  
 Grist to the Mill  
 Jealous Wife  
 John Jones  
 Comedy and Tragedy

**VOL. VII.**

Housekeeper  
 Family Failing [A  
 Pride of the Market  
 False and Constant  
 Prisoner of War  
 Locked in with a Lady  
 Tit for Tat  
 Irish Post  
 Irish Doctor  
 Hamlet Travestie  
 Follies of a Night  
 Bird in the Hand (A.)  
 Splendid Investment  
 Lend me 5s. (Bell  
 Lord Lovell & Nancy  
 Don't lend your Um-  
 (brella

**VOL. 8.**

Victor Vanquished  
 Done on both Sides  
 She Stoops to Conquer  
 Crown Prince (The)  
 Rights & Wrongs of Wo-  
 In for a Holyday [man  
 Wonder culties  
 Romance under Diffi  
 Conjugal Lesson (A)  
 Fascinating Individual  
 Match Making  
 Second Love.  
 Sent to the Tower.  
 Bamboozling  
 Good for Nothing  
 Our Wife

**VOLUME 9.**

Wicked Wife (A.)  
 Queen of Arragon  
 Douglas (his Castle  
 Englishman's House is  
 Robert Macaire  
 Charles 2nd.  
 Double Faced People  
 Fearful Tragedy (A)  
 Husband for an Hour  
 Sarah's Young Man  
 Wilful Murder  
 Omnibus (The)  
 Loves Telegraph  
 Raising the Wind  
 Venice Preserved

**High Life below Stairs**  
**VOLUME 10.**

Victims  
 Frederick of Prussia  
 Was I to Blame  
 Friend Waggles  
 Nothing to Nurse  
 Sudden Thoughts  
 Rivals.  
 Living too Fast  
 Two Gay Deceivers  
 Jeannette's Wedding  
 Very Serious Affair (A)  
 Pair of Pigeons  
 Brother Ben  
 Take care of Dowb.—  
 London Assurance  
 Boots at the Swan

**VOLUME 11.**

Cure for Heart Ache  
 Faint Heart never won  
 Dead Shot (Fair Lady  
 Unfinished Gent.  
 Irish Tiger  
 Ticklish Times  
 Spectre Bridegroom  
 Lucky Hit  
 Love Knot  
 Double Dummy  
 Crossing the Line  
 Birth Place of Podgers  
 Nothing venture  
 [nothing win

Capital Match  
 My Neighbours Wife  
 Your Lives in Danger

**VOLUME 12.**

Marriage a Lottery  
 My Wife's Dentist  
 Schoolfellows. (himself  
 Samuel in search of  
 Doubtful Victory  
 Stock Exchange  
 Veteran of 102 (The  
 Dying for Love  
 Pierette  
 Irish Tutor  
 King Rene's Daughter  
 Last of the Pigtales  
 Matrimony  
 Bonnie Fish Wife  
 Twice Told Tale, A  
 Wooing in Jest etc.

**VOL. 13.**

Othello Travestie  
 My Aunt's Husband  
 Old Honesty  
 33 Next Birthday  
 Porter's Knot  
 Rule of Three  
 Poor Pillicoddy  
 Milliner's Holiday  
 Iron Chest  
 Furning the Tables  
 Nervous Man  
 Poor Gentleman  
 Everybody's Friend  
 Richard ye Thirde  
 Cramond Brig  
 Love in Humble Life

**VOL. 14.**

Hunting a Turtle  
 Retained for Defence  
 Julius Cæsar  
 If the Cap fits  
 Caught by the Ears  
 Nine points of the Law

Ici on parle Fran  
 King and I  
 Three Cuckoos  
 Payable on Dem  
 Old Offender (Am  
 House or the Hou  
 Rifle & how to n  
 Husband to orde  
 My Great Aunt  
 Vandyke Brown

**VOLUME 15**

My Hearts Idol  
 Too Much for Go  
 Nature  
 Rendezvous  
 Village Lawyer  
 Nursey Chickwee  
 Good for Evil  
 Head of the Famil  
 Goose with Golden  
 Forest Keeper  
 My Wife's Second H  
 Founded on Facts

Mrs. Caudle's Curt  
 Love in Livery (Lect  
 Lodgings for Sir  
 Done Brown (Ge  
 Margnerite's Colom  
 Roman Actor  
 Turnpike Gate  
 Not to be done  
 Barefaced Imposter  
 Lady and Gen tlem  
 in a Perplexing F  
 Windmill [dicame  
 New Footman  
 Lucky Stars  
 Norma Travestie  
 Angel of the Attic  
 Double-bedded Ro  
 Mistaken Story  
 Post of Honour  
 Review  
 House Dog  
 Smoked Miser  
 State Secrets  
 Mummy  
 Douglas Travestie  
 Black Domino  
 Love and Charity  
 Delicate Attention  
 My Fellow Clerk  
 Ne Followers  
 Miller of Mansfield  
 Railroad Station  
 Sylvester Daggerwe  
 Paul Pry  
 Intrigue  
 Cherry Bounce  
 Nabob for an Hou  
 Blue Devils  
 Doves in a Cage  
 Painter of Ghent  
 Man about Town  
 Mrs. White

# THRICE MARRIED

A Personation Piece

IN ONE ACT

BY

HOWARD PAUL

AUTHOR OF

*The Mob Cap—Opposite Neighbours—A Lucky Hit—A Change of  
System—The Queen of Arragon.  
&c. &c. &c.*

---

T H O M A S   H A I L E S   L A C Y ,

89, STRAND,

(*Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market.*)

L O N D O N .

THE  
UNIVERSITY  
OF  
WARWICK  
LIBRARY

*The Gift of*  
*Mrs G. F. Hall*

MR.  
WIL  
ORM  
EDW  
HOB  
JACI  
CAR  
M'LI  
Vo  
LA 1

PAUL  
N.

*Demer*  
GUSTAVUS VASA WELLINGTON DE  
VERE, a young gentleman in pursuit of Re-  
venge . . . . .

PAUL

TIME IN REPRESENTATION—Three-quarters of an hour.

SCENE—LONDON.

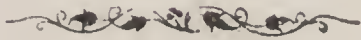
Costumes of the day.





Alain St. Aubert

## THRICE MARRIED.



SCENE.—*An apartment scantily furnished, with two doors in flat, one R. the other L. opening on landing place; cupboard L. and door L.—1st grooves, conducting to chamber—an easel, palette, portfolio and other insignia of the painter's art, scattered about the room. A table in centre, on which are lighted candles, and the remains of a feast.*

VIVIAN seated at the head of the table.—WILMOT, ORMSBY. EDWARDS, and GUESTS, smoking and drinking. As the curtain rises they all have their glasses in their hands and sing "He's a jolly good fellow."

WILMOT. (*filling*) Now, gentlemen, I have one more last toast—not dear woman this time, but our jolly old chum, Vivian White! Vivian the Croesus! Vivian the rich!

ALL. (*drinking and rattling their glasses riotously*) Vivian White! Vivian the rich!

VIVIAN. (*seated*) Gentlemen, permit me in the curtest possible terms to remark—

ALL. Up, up—on your legs!

VIVIAN. (*rising*) Anything to oblige you, gentlemen. As I was about to observe, you do me proud, but you drink my health as a Croesus, as being rich. May I be permitted to ask—a little curiosity is pardonable under such circumstances—in what I am rich? Not in thought surely, for, alas, I never think. Not in pocket, for my purse is as empty as my head; therefore, in what am I rich if I except your good society? No, the fact is, a poor painter in these times, with moderate talents, and less patronage, must fight hard to pay his rent, and keep the knives and forks from rusting.

ORMSBY. Your knives and forks will never rust while you have us to ply them.

WILMOT. That's the point I am coming to. These capital spreads—now, no nonsense, old boy—how do you manage them? They are too substantial to be conjured here by the wand of a good fairy.

VIVIAN. Good fairies don't always bring us good fare.

WILMOT. True—and whenever you invite us to put our legs under your table there is always plenty upon it.

VIVIAN. You are curious to know where the money comes from?

WILMOT. I can't do the same thing, and yet I live on my means.

VIVIAN. Which means nothing.

WILMOT. For my part I give it up. Come, out with it, and no gammon! How do you manage it?

VIVIAN. You seem to take a close interest in my affairs!

ALL. We do, we do!

VIVIAN. Can you keep a secret?

ALL. Can we? Oh, oh!

VIVIAN. And you will never betray me?

WILMOT. We swear it!

ALL. (*falling on their knees and elevating their glasses*) We swear it!

VIVIAN. (*lowering his voice*) Well, first of all, I've two properties from which I obtain good revenues.

ORMSBY. Houses? Lands?

VIVIAN. Nothing of the sort. Hush! not too loud. There's a young crinoline in the next room of an inquiring turn of mind. These walls are thin, and the sex are naturally inquisitive.

WILMOT. A feminine neighbour, eh? Ah, you sly dog!

ORMSBY. Next room! Who is she?

VIVIAN. A devilish pretty girl, who makes *bal masqué*, and theatrical costumes. She works for Drury Lane, I believe.

WILMOT. Well, never mind the girl now, let us hear about these properties.

VIVIAN. It consists of two old uncles.

ALL. Uncles? Ha, ha!

WILMOT. I see, when you want money you go to your uncle. Ha, ha!

VIVIAN. Laugh away! Shall I trouble you for a light? (*he lights his cigar*) But I repeat, gentlemen, that my property consists of two uncles, who have been more than fathers, and I may say, mothers, to me. I confess it seems absurd to talk of having uncles—anybody can have *them*—but when they are constituted into a property and properly worked, a great point is gained. Now, I'll enlighten you. One uncle is maternal, and

lives at Cheltenham—John Quaverly, or “Uncle Jack,” as he loves to be called by me—a musician. By teaching young ladies to torture the polite instruments—harp, guitars, and pianofortes—he has managed to scrape together a snug sum. He thinks I’m a wild youth, only caring for women and pictures.

WILMOT. He’s not far from the truth. Ha, ha! I beg your pardon! Well?

VIVIAN. The other is paternal—he lives in Dublin. He was a ballet master, at Her Majesty’s, some years ago, but plumpness and lumbago overtook him, and he was compelled to cut *pirouettes*, and accept a secretaryship in a Life Assurance Office. He’s a fine old zephyr though, and I’ve heard said, that in his day, Horace Waddles was as light as a cork.

WILMOT. How liberal these uncles must be.

VIVIAN. After a fashion. I hit on an expedient a year or two ago to make them open their purses. I wrote to uncle Jack that I had married.

ALL. Married! Ha, ha!

VIVIAN. That I had married a French vocalist—Mademoiselle Victorine Lepage, a dashing young Parisian. I knew a singer would tickle his fancy, and while I was about it, I thought I’d pitch it strong.

WILMOT. Ha, ha! Here’s to Madame Victorine Lepage White. Ha, ha! (*all drink*)

VIVIAN. Then, about this time, I wrote to uncle Waddles, and affectionately stated that I had just returned from Spain and a pilgrimage to the Alhambra, and that in a fit of passionate sentiment, I had led to the altar a beautiful dancing girl of Seville, Senora Lola Morena Norona, and had brought my bride to England. I described her rich Southern loveliness in a gushing style—talked of her large eloquent eyes—protested that Guido would have laid down his life to have painted her neck and hair, and—you know the style of thing—and I wound up the letter by a careful intimation that a respect for his old profession removed any objections that I might have had as to her being a public dancer.

WILMOT. A step in the right direction. What was the effect of the letters?

VIVIAN. Their blessings came by post. Dublin sent me twenty pounds, and Cheltenham fifty.

ALL. Ha, ha, ha!

VIVIAN. But this was soon gone. The birth of my first child—

ALL. First child! Ha, ha!



VIVIAN. Idea number two. I'm hard up again—I write to say I'm a father—the parent of a beautiful rosy boy, which I wish to name after Uncle Jack. The idea pleases him and up comes another cheerful fifty.

ALL. Ha, ha, ha!

VIVIAN. “Never do things by halves,” you know, so I drop a line to Dublin—spin the same yarn with appropriate variations, and the dear old zephyr sends me a post office order for another ten.

WILMOT. There will be the devil to pay when you're discovered. I suppose you've no new scheme.

VIVIAN. (*taking out his handkerchief and affecting to weep*) Ah, gentlemen, you don't know what agitates this bosom. Senora Lola Norona, accustomed to the sunny skies of Spain cannot live in foggy, smoky London—excuse the manly tear—and my little French wife I fear is in a decline—withering like a flower for La Belle France. I fear I shall have to write of their death, and implore the dear old boys to send me a trifle to calm my despair.

WILMOT. What a bluebeard!

ORMSBY. What is your idea for marrying foreigners—singers and dancers?

VIVIAN. Besides being romantic, they will not be able to write to my uncles. (*CARLOTTA is heard singing, R.*) Hist! that's my little neighbour. Her voice is like a strain of music on the water. (*peeping through the keyhole of R. D.*) I can just see one ear, and an eyebrow! (*a door is heard to shut R.*) She's gone! (*points to R. side of the room*) These walls are like wafers—I expect she often hears my nonsense!

WILMOT. (*looking at his watch*) I say, boys, we must be off! It's time for the casino, if you're going!

VIVIAN. I'll join you presently.

*He shakes them by the hand, as they bustle out, some singing, door in F. L.*

Don't kick up a row on the stairs—it makes old Guffens savage, and I'm in his debt. (*closes door, and pushes aside chairs, easel, &c.*) Ah, me! those merry rascals will be the ruin of me, yet. The fib about my wives seemed to amuse them—by Jove, I've talked so much about marrying, that I expect one of these fine days I shall be settling my affections in good earnest—poor little Carlotta in the next room—I like her very much—she's pretty and accomplished, but hang it all, an orphan, and almost dependant on her needle. With her knowledge of languages and music, I wonder she doesn't set up for a governess, instead of wasting her taste in the construction of Turks and debardeurs,



(*yawning*) and all such picturesque looking people. (CARLOTTA is heard singing R.) What a pretty voice she's got to be sure! (*he picks up his palette and opens door, R.—CARLOTTA is seen, as if passing*) How do you do, Miss Lotty—you're always singing—I wish my heart was as light as yours. (*toying with his brush on the palette*)

CARLOTTA. (*without*) Good spirits is a golden gift which I should regret to part with. (*going*) Good bye!

VIVIAN. (*lounging by the door*) Don't be in a hurry—I must coax you to give me a sitting for your picture.

*Enter CARLOTTA coyly.*

CARLOTTA. My picture? be careful what you are about. What would your Spanish wife say? Ha, ha!

VIVIAN. Spanish? so, so, you've been playing the eaves-dropper, eh?

CARLOTTA. Not I, indeed! I can hear your voice in my room, almost as plainly as I do now. When I am silent, sewing away, I often hear you chatting and relating your adventures—so be on your guard. Those poor dear old uncles—to dupe them so cruelly!

VIVIAN. Don't say so! It was only a new plan of reaching their purses.

CARLOTTA. I fear you young artists are sad wicked fellows—reckless and romantic—ha, ha! I can't help thinking of your two wives—Mademoiselle Le Page, and Senora Lola Norona—what awful stories you've told those dear old uncles—ha, ha! good bye!

*She exits, D. in F. R., but returns when VIVIAN'S back is turned, shakes her finger archly at him, and exits unseen.*

VIVIAN. 'Pon my word she's very interesting. I often think of the romantic story she told me of her early life, and contrast the comfort she once enjoyed with her present position. An extreme feeling of pride keeps her aloof from rich relations, to whom she might look for support. I like her spirit! (*lighting a meerschaum pipe*) She's right, I have made precious dupes of my uncles. (*a knock at the door L. in F.*) Come in! (*without turning*) If I had a nephew and he wrote such absurd bosh to me, I'd avail myself of the rail, and look into the matter. (*knock repeated*) Come in! come in! (*loudly*)

*Enter HORACE WADDLES, carrying a carpet bag, D. in L. F.*

HORACE. Does Mr. White live here?

VIVIAN. (*startled*) That voice! (*turning*) "Oh, my prophetic soul, my uncle!" How curious, uncle Horace—I was just thinking of you. When did you arrive? (*he shakes him violently by*

*the hand, takes the carpet bag from him, and then falls into a chair)*

HORACE. What's the matter, Vivian?

VIVIAN. *(aside)* I'm completely floored with surprise. *(aloud)* Oh, a sudden giddiness—it'll be over—*(aside)* when you are gone. *(he seems to faint)*

HORACE. *(excited)* Bless me, the dear boy is going to faint. Where's the vinegar, salts, brandy, camphor? *(running about the room)*

VIVIAN. *(languidly)* There's some in the cupboard.

HORACE. Where? where? *(goes to cupboard, L.)*

VIVIAN. You'll find it between a pie crust and a pair of boots.

HORACE. It's all right! *(brings bottle, which he applies to his nose)* That will revive you!

VIVIAN. Yes, I'm getting better. *(looking at the bottle)* Why this is hair oil!

HORACE. This sudden illness alarms me. Hadn't I better call your wife?

VIVIAN. Unfortunately she is out shopping. *(aside)* What a scrape I'm in to be sure.

HORACE. How provoking. I've come all the way from Dublin to see her.

VIVIAN. I hope your lumbago is better, uncle?

HORACE. Much better, thank you! *(sits)* And as I was saying, I'm all anxiety to see your Spanish wife. I like Spain—land of lace veils and castanets—bull-fights and figs!

VIVIAN. Beautiful country! full of dirks, matadors, dark eyes, and treachery!

HORACE. How fine it would be to get up a grand ballet—the scene laid in Andalusia, and bring my niece out in London.

VIVIAN. Your niece—what niece?

HORACE. Your wife, to be sure.

VIVIAN. Oh, certainly—my wife! of course—it would be very jolly. *(aside)* if I had one!

HORACE. Of course she dances La Manola, the Cachuca, the Fandango, the Bolero, the—

VIVIAN. Oh yes—Seville, Madrid, Toledo, Cordova—every town, in fact, from Gibraltar to the Pyrennees, ring with her praises. *(aside)* That's a whopper!

HORACE. I shall compose a ballet for her. I have some interest with one of the theatres. *(slapping VIVIAN on the back)* Egad! I like Spain!

VIVIAN. *(aside)* What makes him take to Spain so suddenly?

You're quite right—the blood there flows like wine in the veins. We Anglo-Saxons are cold and commonplace—

HORACE. How long will she be. I am impatient to see her. And she was called in Spain the “Pearl of Triana.”

VIVIAN. Exactly!

HORACE. A flashing eye, and (*nudging him*) well turned ankle, eh? How I should like a *pas de deux* with her. (*capering about, and clicking his fingers to the tune of the Cachuca, in which VIVIAN joins*) Ah! bless my soul! the very remembrance of these Spanish dances sets my blood on fire. Come, now, go and see if you can find her, that's a dear boy.

VIVIAN. (*aside*) I've got myself into a precious mess. (*aloud*) I'll go and see if I can find her. Perhaps a change of air may assist my invention. (*putting on his hat*) I shan't be long, uncle—perhaps you'll help yourself to a pipe, and look over this portfolio. *Exit, D. in F. L.*

HORACE. Phew! what an odour of tobacco. I wonder his wife permits it; but they say these Spanish woman are fond of blowing a cloud themselves. (*sauntering about the apartment*) There's a careless, bachelor-like style about the room. I'm afraid Senora indulges the young dog. (*picking up a lobster's claw*) He seems to live well. He must manage to turn his canvas to account. (*smelling one of the bottles on table*) Claret, eh? in his letters he talks of beer. (*peeping through keyhole of door, L.*) This must be his bed-room. Zounds, my lumbago! *Exit into room, L.*

*Enter CARLOTTA, D. F. R. dressed as a Spanish dancing girl—she comes in as though at home, and throws her mantilla on a chair.*

CARLOTTA. Not here! I was sure I heard his uncle's voice. I have dressed myself in this Spanish ballet fashion with the idea of extricating Mr. Vivian from his difficulty. I hope my *ruse* may prove successful. I am afraid I shall make a poor “Pearl,” as he called his Spanish wife. Ah! here comes his uncle. Now to rub up my Castilian.

*Re-enter HORACE WADDLES, from room, L.*

HORACE. Blood of all the Ferdinands! she looks like a feminine danseuse, ready to go on the stage.

CARLOTTA. (*approaching him coyly*) Que agradable anciano yoo veo!

HORACE. (*aside*) What the devil does that mean?

CARLOTTA. (*curtsying*) Como está usted querido papa!

HORACE. That language! that costume! it's my beautiful niece! (*aside*) I must try to make her understand. (*pointing to himself*) I'm your uncle—don't you see?



CARLOTTA. (*looking perplexed*) Como lo pasa!

HORACE. Come into the parlour! no, no, I'm your uncle—you must kiss and embrace me. (*opens his arms and advances to her*)

CARLOTTA. (*shrinking back*) No—puedo!

HORACE. What dreamy trash Spanish must be! I can't understand a word she says. How shall I make her know who I am. (*points to himself*) I'm your uncle! (*she affects to watch attentively his motions, and pretending to think he pointed to a bottle, fetches it*) No, not a bottle—your uncle—your husband's father's brother—that's plain enough, I'm sure. (*she shrugs her shoulders and smiles*) How cursedly stupid of her not to understand English!

CARLOTTA. Que castima que no nos podemos entender uno á stro!

HORACE. (*giving her an orange*) Here's an orange for you. I must embrace her. (*he advances again, and she playfully draws a poignard from her bosom*) The devil!

(*he retreats in alarm—she beckons him, and he returns cautiously.*)

CARLOTTA. No tengo miedo.

HORACE. Put that weapon away. It's unbecoming a wife and a mother.

CARLOTTA. (*laughing*) Ha, ha! alza ola! (*replaces her poignard*)

HORACE. What the deuce shall I talk about? she won't let me embrace her. Perhaps she'll dance. Will you do anything in this way? (*capers about and points to his feet*)

CARLOTTA. Verdaderamente yo lo pienso así!

HORACE. A fandango, bolero, cachuca!

CARLOTTA. Cachuca! si, si, señor!

HORACE. Brava, senora! (*aside*) I'll buy "Spanish without a master" to-morrow, to be able to talk to her. (*they push chairs, &c. aside—HORACE watches her admiringly—she dances to music—at the end of which he capers about her in a wild manner, when she suddenly escapes through D. in F.—he dances down front*) Bravo! bravissimo! I don't wonder Madrid went mad. What fire—what ancles—what motion! (*looking round*) Gone like a dream. I should like to smother her with kisses. Where is my nephew—Vivian!

*Dances up to D. in F. and nearly knocks over VIVIAN as he is entering hurriedly.*

VIVIAN. (*speaking aside as he enters*) I can't find a wife! I must say that she has tumbled into the Thames and drowned. I

see no other mode of escape. (*perceiving Waddles' joy*) What's the matter, uncle?

HORACE. (*seizing his hand*) I give you joy—you are a man of taste.

VIVIAN. (*aside*) What can he mean? I must begin. (*takes out his handkerchief*) Oh, cruel, wicked fate!

HORACE. What's Fate been doing?

VIVIAN. Ha! uncle, I have no longer a wife.

HORACE. No longer a what?

VIVIAN. (*sobbing*) I told her not to go near the water. The Thames is very different from the Guadalquiver, and—and—  
(*turning aside as if with emotion.*)

HORACE. And what, you silly jackanapes? your wife is safe and well. She was here just this moment—

VIVIAN. (*aside*) Here! oh, he certainly must have been dining out. Uncle, what are you talking about?

HORACE. If it comes to that, what are you talking about? Mixing up the Thames and the Guadalquiver in one breath. I say she is beautiful—such eyes!

VIVIAN. (*mystified*) Who—whose eyes—

HORACE. Your wife's! are you out of your mind? I've been gabbling Spanish to her.

VIVIAN. (*aside*) Poor man—he must be fearfully tipsy.

HORACE. And she danced for me. (*clicks his fingers and dances about—VIVIAN following him*) Danced deliciously—absolutely swam through it. Ha, ha! plague take my lumbago! (*limps into a chair*)

VIVIAN. (*aside*) Where could he have found me a wife? Perhaps it's just as well to humour his delusion. (*changing his manner*) Well, uncle, since you have seen my wife, I'm glad you like her. (*aside*) There's nothing like taking things easy.

HORACE. Like her? I adore her! she'll make a fortune in England. What a splendid line on the bills—"Senora Lola Morena Norona, for six nights only!" Every dead wall in town lighted up with the lustre of her name—broad posters with letters as long as your arm—that's the style to catch the public.

VIVIAN. (*aside*) I never was so puzzled in my life.

HORACE. By-the-bye, I just remember I've a call to make in Piccadilly. I'll jump into a cab and do it at once. When I return, you and I and your Spanish wife will sup together.

VIVIAN. (*aside*) I hope we may. We will clear off the supper and this mystery at the same time.

HORACE. I shan't be long—have something nice, that's a dear boy. I'll call at the pastrycook's and order a game pie.

(*going*) How she did float through it, to be sure. (*humming the tune*) La, la, la! Zounds, my lumbago—I shan't be long.

*Exit D. in F. L.*

VIVIAN. (*lighting his pipe, and cogitating*) My brain is dancing a fandango of astonishment. He has seen my Spanish wife—talked with her—and she has danced for him. Admitted. Now the question naturally arises, who did he see, and where is she now, that he has seen her? Uncle is either dreaming—I'm out of my senses, or we are all in a deplorable state of intoxication.

JACK QUAVERLY *enters at back*—VIVIAN *does not turn*—*He brings with him a carpet-bag, hat-box, and violin-case.*

Why, Uncle Horace, you are soon back—what have you forgotten? (*aside*) His senses, I should say.

JACK. (*muttering as he enters*) How dark the stairs are! I like to have fallen from the top to the bottom! (*loudly*) Well, Master Vivian!

VIVIAN. Good heavens! what do I hear? Uncle No. 2! (*turns and throws down his pipe*—JACK *opens his arms, which VIVIAN flies into, and crushes the hat box—he then relieves him of his carpet bag, &c.*) Dear Uncle Jack, what a surprise! I should as soon thought of seeing Titian's Venus enter the room as you. (*he says this as they embrace*)

JACK. I had some business in town, and without waiting to write, I thought I'd take you by surprise.

VIVIAN. And you have fully succeeded.

JACK. I'm all curiosity to see your wife, Madame Victorine.

VIVIAN. (*aside*) I'm in for it now with a vengeance!

JACK. It's very odd! but do you know, when I was a young man, about your own age, I fell in love with a little French cantatrice, and if I'm not mistaken, her name was, likewise, Victorine!

VIVIAN. Strange coincidence! (*aside*) I shall be shown up to a certainty.

JACK. And your boy, little Jack—does he look at all like his uncle? No, I fancy he's a round, chubby youngster.

VIVIAN. (*aside*) An idea! (*aloud*) I'm sorry you can't see him—

JACK. Can't see little Jack, the dear baby-boy?

VIVIAN. (*quickly*) No—for, unfortunately, he is out at nurse, a long way in the country. (*aside*) I've got rid of the infant, that's something!

JACK. What a nuisance! I've brought him a box of toys and a fiddle! He shall be a musician—another Paganini, if I can make him one!



VIVIAN. A fiddle! you seem to forget his tender age! His mother—

JACK. Ay, his mother—I'm burning to see Madame Victorine. I long to hear her warbling voice—it's a soprano, eh?

VIVIAN. Or a contralto, I'm not confident which. (*aside*) I wish I was!

JACK. Perhaps a mezzo-soprano, soft and sweet—the *voce di petto*, that touches the heart. Where is she?

VIVIAN. (*aside*) What shall I do? I'm dead beat for an excuse! (*aloud*) You ask where she is?

JACK. Making herself fascinating, I've no doubt. These young French women are fond of their mirrors. Come, tell her to make haste, and see her Uncle Jack.

VIVIAN. (*aside*) What shall I do? (*aside to AUDIENCE*) Can anybody tell me where to get an immediate good-looking French wife? I should be so much obliged—you can't think!  
(*goes up stage with show of despair.*)

*Enter CARLOTTA, door in R. F., dressed in elegant French fancy costume—she has a roll of music.*

What! yes—no, I'm dreaming!

CARLOTTA. (*archly*) Excusez moi. (*seeing VIVIAN'S embarrassment, whispers to him*)

VIVIAN. (*aside, rapidly*) Carlotta! Oh, she's an angel of goodness! I see it all—she was my Spanish wife also. (*turning quickly to JACK*) Uncle, allow me to present to you my wife. (*taking her hand and presenting her*) Madame Victorine! (*aside*) There's nothing, after all, like a bold stroke of impudence!  
(*crosses.*)

CARLOTTA. (*shaking JACK'S hand warmly*) Je suis charmé de vous voir.

JACK. Charming! charming! I understand you perfectly, my dear. (*aside to VIVIAN*) What does she say?

VIVIAN. She says, "Je suis charmé de vous—" (*aside*) something or the other!

JACK. I know—but what is that in English?

VIVIAN. In English? yes, I see! You wish to know what it is in English? Why, she says she is enchanted to see you looking so well—wonders whether you come to town by rail or coach—and hopes you will honour us with a long stay—and that—

JACK. Did she say all that? What an Indian-rubber language French must be!

VIVIAN. It is. A little of it goes a great way—(*aside*) with me especially.

JACK. (*offering her a purse*) Will you accept this, madame, as a token of my affection.

VIVIAN. (*quickly*) Of course she will.

CARLOTTA. (*declining*) Non, non—mon cher oncle.

JACK. (*to VIVIAN*) What! why, she refuses!

VIVIAN. (*aside to her*) Accept it, by all means! (*to JACK*) She does not understand you, that's all! (*attempting to speak French*) Tonjours la meme—bon jour—di donc—qui va là. (*aside*) That's a good mixture!

JACK. Good—good! I'm glad you told her that! (*aside to VIVIAN*) What did you tell her?

CARLOTTA. Il faut que je sort.

JACK. Yes, yes. (*aside*) What the devil does she say?

VIVIAN. She says you must give the purse to me, and I'll take care of it for her. (*taking it from him*) I understand these things better than her. You know women don't know the value of money. (*putting it in his pocket*) We men manage it much better. Tra, la, la! (*singing and takes stage*)

JACK. (*aside*) She is very pretty! I wonder if she will sing for me?

VIVIAN. Ask her—she is very obliging!

JACK. I wish I could. You had better ask her.

VIVIAN. (*aside*) My French is very shaky! (*aloud*) Ah, ah, Victorine, ma chere—voulez—vous—(*aside to CARLOTTA*) What the devil is sing, I wonder?

CARLOTTA. (*aside to him*) Chanter!

VIVIAN. Yes, chanter! Voulez vous chanter pour—? (*aside*) My French is very poor indeed!

CARLOTTA. (*curtseying*) Oui, mon cher mari, avec plaisir!

JACK. I understand that, she says she will—and now I think of it, I'll accompany her myself—not bad idea! (*he gets his violin, goes up stage, and tunes it*)

CARLOTTA. (*aside to VIVIAN*) I fear, in trying to relieve you, I'm plunging myself into a difficulty!

VIVIAN. (*aside*) You are my guardian angel—my preserver—my fairy Proteus! On my knees I swear eternal love and fidelity! (*throws himself at her feet, and kisses her hand rapturously unseen by QUAVERTY, then jumping up quickly*) I must not let the old boy see me!

CARLOTTA. (*aside*) Hush, or you will ruin all! (*VIVIAN rises, and they exchange significant glances*)

JACK. (*coming down*) Let her sing now, and I'll saw away! (*flourishing his bow like a baton*)

CARLOTTA. (*giving him a piece of music*) Oui, oui! (*coughs, and points to her throat*) Ah, la maladie!

VIVIAN. She says she has got a bad cold. Ladies always have when called on to sing.

JACK. (*puts on glasses, and props music up against bottle, and affects to follow her when she sings*) Now, then, not too fast, my dear.

CARLOTTA. Je suis prêt mon oncle.

(Song.—“*Les Yeux Bleus.*” or any other graceful chanson that may suit the voice of the actress—at the end of the song she exits, door R. in F.)

JACK. Bravo! Encore! She sings with capital taste. (*turning to VIVIAN*) Should she ever be a widow, I'll marry her myself.

VIVIAN. I beg your pardon, Uncle Jack, but I shall object.

HORACE. (*without door in F. L.*) Vivian! Vivian!

VIVIAN. (*aside*) Hallo! Uncle Horace has returned. Dublin and Cheltenham together—now look out for a squall!

(*retires up*)

Enter HORACE, L. in F. carrying a large pie, a paper bag, containing buns, &c.

HORACE. Here I am, Vivian—I've got a spanking game pie and some wonderful buns.

JACK. What! why, Horace Waddles, is it possible I see you?

HORACE. Jack Quaverly! The devil!

VIVIAN. I'm over head and ears in uncles!

(*Exit in chamber, L.*)

HORACE. How are you, Jack? (*they shake hands*) Vivian never told me you were in London.

JACK. I only arrived this afternoon.

HORACE. Just my case. I've not been in London for an age. I was curious to see Vivian's wife, to tell you the truth.

JACK. Have you seen her?

HORACE. Yes—have you?

JACK. Yes, and I'm rather pleased with the idea of her being a foreigner. Vivian is a romantic dog, and he would soon grow tired of a plain English wife.

HORACE. Perhaps it is just as well that she comes from abroad. How do you like her figure?

JACK. And her singing?

HORACE. And her dancing?

JACK. I didn't know that she danced.

HORACE. I didn't know that she sung.

JACK. Why, singing was her profession.

HORACE. I beg your pardon, Jack—dancing!



JACK. But I've heard her sing.

HORACE. I've seen her dance.

JACK. French women are like the Italians—they all sing more or less.

HORACE. French women? Spanish, you mean.

JACK. French!

HORACE. Spanish! Seville, I'll swear, is in Spain!

JACK. Paris I have been led to believe is in France.

VIVIAN. (*peeping from the chamber*) Go it uncles, darling!

HORACE. (*catching a view of him, calls*) I say, Vivian, what are you about? Is your wife French or Spanish?

JACK. Speak immediately, is she Spanish or French?

VIVIAN *enters slyly.*

VIVIAN. She has confessed lately she is a mixed blood—a sort of half-and-half—A French mama, and a Spanish papa.

HORACE. (*angrily*) Spanish he must have been, or else how came her name Lola Morena Norona?

JACK. Lola Morena fiddlestick! her name was Victorine—Mademoiselle Victorine Le Page. (*pulling a letter from his pocket*) There it is plain as pen and ink can make it. (*shows it to HORACE*)

HORACE. (*also pulling a letter from his pocket*) Here it is plainer than pen and ink can make it—"Senora Lola Morena Norona." (*shows it to QUAVERTY*)

JACK. (*looking full into HORACE's face*) There's something wrong here!

HORACE. I have a shrewd suspicion we are a pair of old fools. (*turning to VIVIAN*) Will you explain, sir?

VIVIAN. I beg your pardon, but I must run to the colour-man's—(*attempts to go, they pull him back*) I just remember I want some emerald green to finish a landscape.

HORACE. Do you know your wife's name?

VIVIAN. What a question to ask a married man, and the father of a family. Sir, I am indignant!

JACK. What is it then?

VIVIAN. White to be sure—Mrs. Vivian White, according to modern social etiquette.

JACK. (*taking him by the collar*) No shuffling, sir—was it Mademoiselle Victorine, of Paris?

HORACE. (*also seizing him by the collar*) Or Lola Morena Norona, of Seville?

VIVIAN. On my honour you confuse me!

HORACE. (*shaking him*) Will you speak?

JACK. (*also shaking him*) And speak the truth, imposter!

VIVIAN. With pleasure, but the truth won't come any the quicker by your stopping the circulation of my blood. (*they release him*) Thank you, that's much more comfortable!

HORACE. Now, sir, explain!

VIVIAN. The fact is, you are both right!

HORACE. } Both right?  
JACK. }

VIVIAN. Both of you! It seems singular I've no doubt!

HORACE. You are making a fool of me.

JACK. And a flat of me!

VIVIAN. Must I speak plainer? must I then confess? perhaps you comprehend the meaning of the word—bigamy!

HORACE. } Bigamy?  
JACK. }

VIVIAN. The worst is out!

HORACE. You will be transported!

VIVIAN. If its with joy I don't mind!

JACK. You are a disgrace to your family! Instead of the Academy, you shall grin through the bars of Newgate! (*to HORACE*) Come, Horace, let us leave the vagabond to his fate! (*they turn up stage*)

*Enter CARLOTTA, D., in R. F., dressed as a young man, wearing heavy moustache, and a large cloak, beneath which is concealed foils.*

CARLOTTA. (*recognizing VIVIAN*) How do you do, sir? am I not recognized?

VIVIAN. (*approaching CARLOTTA, and recognizing her after a moment*) I beg your pardon my—(*aside*) Carlotta again by all that's protean! what new scheme has she, I wonder?

HORACE. (*to JACK*) Who is this person?

JACK. Some scapegrace friend of our precious nephew, I dare say!

CARLOTTA. (*turning quickly to the UNCLES*) You wonder who I am, and call me a scapegrace, eh? I am Gustavus Vasa Wellington De Vere—and you two gentlemen are the two of all other gentlemen, I should wish to encounter—

HORACE. } We?  
JACK. }

CARLOTTA. Yes, you—Mr. Horace Waddles, and Mr. John Quaverly. You have conspired against my peace—my sister's peace—that young man's peace—(*pointing to VIVIAN*) and now I must have revenge! (*producing the foils*)

HORACE. (*perplexed*) I don't know what you mean.

JACK. I'm dumbfounded!

CARLOTTA. I'll tell you what I mean. I have a dear sister, Carlotta, who was a happy, light-hearted girl until she saw that man.

HORACE. (*to JACK*) What you, Jack?

CARLOTTA. No, that young painter—he sought interviews with her, breathed vows of love, oaths of constancy—he engaged her affections. (*aside to VIVIAN*) You must bear me out in this. (*aloud*) I say he engaged her affections.

VIVIAN. (*in a tone of sorrow*) Alas! it is true.

CARLOTTA. And was about to offer her his hand, and your fortunes—

HORACE. (*to VIVIAN*) Villain!

JACK. (*to VIVIAN*) Monster!

CARLOTTA. When you cruelly forced him to desert her and marry I know not whom, leaving my poor sister to pine with grief and despair. (*with mock determination*) But I will be revenged! (*presenting the foils*) Choose! (*she forces one into HORACE's hands*)

HORACE. I don't know anything about fighting, besides—

CARLOTTA. So much the better for me. (*pressing a foil on JACK*) There, sir, you are both armed!

JACK. But, Mr. Gustavus Vasa Wellington de Vere, why do you draw me into the matter? I know nothing about it.

HORACE. And I know less.

CARLOTTA. Nonsense—I will accept no cowardly subterfuge. The grief of my sister calls aloud for—revenge!

HORACE. The devil take your sister! I never saw her in my life!

JACK. And I never want to see her. I will not fight!

CARLOTTA. I'll fight you both. (*to JACK*) Guard! (*to HORACE*) Guard!

VIVIAN. (*interfering*) But, young man—sir, consider how much I love my uncles!

CARLOTTA. (*exchanging a meaning glance, and thrusting him aside*) To the devil! (*Music—She fights them both*)

HORACE. Mercy—mercy! you slash only at me! Why don't you walk into him?

(CARLOTTA attacks JACK with affected violence—HORACE, in the mean time, runs and conceals himself under the table, unseen by all)

JACK. Help—help! or I shall be run through! Nephew Vivian, rescue me from this ogre, and I am yours for life!

(VIVIAN affects to interfere, by rushing desperately between them, and takes the foil from JACK)

CARLOTTA. Where is the other wretch? Has he beat a re-



treat? (*catching a view of him under the table, goes behind it, and beats him out with the foil*) Where is he? that I may see my point through his back?

HORACE. (*crawling from under the table with his hat smashed*) Help—help! I am seriously wounded.

VIVIAN. (*assisting him to rise*) Wounded! my dear uncle wounded? where?

HORACE. In the coat. (*showing his coat-tail hanging half off*) But, thank Heaven, there is no blood. (*seeing CARLOTTA, who advances towards him, scowling*) Oh, shield me from that brigand, who seeks my life!

VIVIAN. On one condition, uncle.

HORACE. Name it.

VIVIAN. That you pardon me for all that has occurred to-night.

HORACE. Pardon a man with two wives?

VIVIAN. Most men are content with one, but two are not sufficient for me—I must have a third.

JACK. What, after bigamy!

HORACE. Damme! he wants to commit trigamy!

VIVIAN. My dear uncles, let us have an understanding—we are all in a cloud! (*to JACK*) If my wife were to speak French, and sing, you would be pleased! (*to HORACE*) If my wife spoke Spanish, and cultivated dancing, and the castanets, you would be delighted! Now, don't say you would not—for my part, I must have a wife who can dance, sing, sew, and keep house—who is quick, clever, amiable and industrious, and all these qualities I find centred in this gentleman—(*to CARLOTTA*) whom I should be most happy to make my wife?

JACK. Are you deranged?

HORACE. Marry a man? what next I should like to know?

CARLOTTA. (*throwing off her cloak, hat and moustache, and taking up JACK's bow and fiddle, imitates him*) "Let her sing now, and I'll saw away!" (*flourishing the bow like a baton, in imitation*) "Now then, not too fast, my dear." (*coughs*) Ah la maladie! (*sings part of the air, she sang to JACK*) Ha, ha, ha!

JACK. Can it be possible! Madame Victorine! I am puzzled more than ever.

CARLOTTA. (*turning to HORACE, and imitating him*) "She won't let me embrace her, perhaps she'll dance. (*capers about, points to her feet*) Si, Senor! (*imitating him*) "A fandango, bolero, cachuca!" Si, Senor, cachuca! "Bravo! I'll buy Spanish without a master!" ha, ha, ha! (*she dances a few steps, snapping her fingers, as castanets*)

HORACE. Senora Morena Norona! damme, that person is a witch.

JACK. (*to VIVIAN*) Who is this extraordinary man, woman, gentleman, lady, person, party, individual, or whatever I am to call—

VIVIAN. (*interrupting*) My dear uncles, stay your curiosity, and I'll let you into the secret over a good supper. (*pointing to AUDIENCE*) Our friends here, understand the matter from beginning to end, an advantage which you will not object to their enjoying.

JACK. (*perplexed*) But for the life of me I can't understand how a man can have two wives and want a third.

HORACE. Never mind, Jack. I'm sure of one thing. The public will set it right if there is anything wrong here.

CARLOTTA. He can't appeal to a safer tribunal. As an experiment, leave the matter for the present in their hands. If the smile of approval greet us, why, then, make up your mind—it's just as well to be—

VIVIAN. (*taking her hand*) Thrice married!

HORACE.  
R.

VIVIAN.

CARLOTTA.

JACK  
L.

CURTAIN.

---

### TAGE DIRECTIONS.

---

R. means *Right of the Stage, facing the Audience*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*; D. F. *Door in the Flat*; or *Scene running across the back of the Stage*; C. D. F. *Centre Door in Flat*; D. R. C. *Right Door in Flat*; L. C. F. *Left Door in the Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; 2 E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*.

---



# Sixpence Each—Post-free, and of all Booksellers.

<b>VOLUME 16.</b>		296 Irish Post	360 Urgent Private Affair	428 Night at Notting Hill
223 Fish out of Water	297 Pride of the Market	361 Mephistopheles	<b>VOLUME 25</b>	429 Bird in the Hand
227 Moving Tale	298 Queen Mary's Bower	362 Old House at Home		worth two in the Bush
229 Ben Bolt	299 Cabinet Question	363 Jealous Wife		430 Jews Daughter
229 Lonely Man of Ocean	300 Lost Ship	364 Merchant of Venice		431 Ruth Oakley
230 False and Constant	<b>VOLUME 21</b>	365 John Jones		432 Dumb Maid of Genoa
231 My Friend the Major	301 Court Beauties	366 Great Gun Trick		433 Fraud & its Victims
232 Eton Boy	302 Village Tale	367 Child of Regiment		434 Angel or Devil
233 Blighted Being	303 Romantic Idea	368 Chevalier St George		435 Gwynneth Vaughan
234 Living too Fast	304 Beggar's Opera	369 Comedy & Tragedy		<b>VOLUME 30</b>
235 Sophia's Supper	305 Only a Clod	370 She Stoops to Conquer		436 Life's Trial (therhead)
236 Field of 40 Foot-	306 Seven Champions	371 Return of Wanderer		437 My Friend from Lea-
237 Avalanche [steps	307 Cramond Brig	372 Wonder		438 Queen of Arragon
238 Object of Interest	308 Mistress of the Mill	373 Prince for an Hour		439 Splendid Investment
239 Bona Fide Travel-	309 First of May	374 Peter Wilkins		440 Lend me 5s.
240 Honeymoon [lers	310 Day of Reckoning	375 As You Like It		441 Castle Spectre
<b>VOLUME 17.</b>	311 Love Humble Life	<b>VOLUME 26.</b>		442 King O'Tooles Goose
241 Balance of Comfort	312 Dream of Future	376 Victor Vanquished		443 Lord Lovell and
242 Court of Oberon	313 Chain of Events	377 Lucky Horse Shoe		Nancy Bell
243 Harlequin. Blue Beard	314 Lady in Difficulties	378 Jersey Girl		444 Don't lend your
244 Sailor of France	315 Promotion	379 Done on Both Sides		Umbrella
245 Yellow Dwarf	<b>VOLUME 22</b>	380 15 Years Labour Lost		445 Wicked Wife
246 Bottle (The)	316 Morning Call	381 Dumb Man Manch-		446 Quiet Family (A
247 Railway Belle	317 Haymarket Spring	382 Evil Genius [ester		447 Charles 2nd.
248 Abon Hassan	Meeting	383 Crown Prince		448 Atalanta
249 Aggravating Sam	318 Too Much of a Good	384 Giralda [of Woman		449 Momentous Quest
250 Rough Diamond	Thing [Deep	385 Rights and Wrongs		450 Robert Macaire
251 Good for Nothing	319 Still Waters Run	386 Farmer's Daughter		<b>VOLUME 31</b>
252 Tit for Tat	320 Henry the Eighth	387 In for a Holyday		451 Double Faced People
253 Good Little Wife	321 Garrick Fever	388 Romance under		452 Fearful Tragedy, in
254 Opposite Neighbours	322 Buckstone's Ad-	Difficulties		453 Douglas [the 7 Dial
255 Three Musketeers	venture with a	389 Paddy Carey		454 Governors Wife
<b>VOLUME 18.</b>	Polish Princess	390 O'Flannigan and		455 King Lear [his Ca
256 Wonderful Woman	323 Dowager	the Fairies		456 Englishman's House
257 My Wife's Diary	324 Young Widow	<b>VOLUME 27.</b>		457 Bear Hunters (Mon
258 My Neighbour's Wife	325 Helping Hands	391 Retribution		458 Jack Robinson &
259 Secret Agent	326 Stranger [Getting	392 Conjugal Lesson.		459 Robert the Devil (Op
260 Game of Rumps	327 How Stout You're	393 Medea, (vidual		460 Lugarto the Mula
261 Take that Girl Away	328 She Would and	394 Fascinating Indi-		461 My Son Diana
262 Cinderella (Opera Is	She Would Not	395 School for Scandal		462 Husband for an H
263 Esmeralda (Drama)	329 Only a Halfpenny	396 Two Heads better		463 Sarah's Young M
264 Muleteer of Toledo	330 Mountain Sylph	397 Irish Doctor (than I		464 Lillian Gervaise
265 Romeo and Juliet	<b>VOLUME 23</b>	398 Match Making		465 Sarah the Creole
266 Clockmaker's Hat	331 Black Doctor	399 Locked Out		<b>VOLUME 32.</b>
267 Miser of Shoreditch	332 Jack Sheppard	400 Prisoner of War		466 Marie Ducange
268 Delicate Ground	333 Dumb Belle	401 Pizarro [than One		467 Jenny Foster
269 Guy Mannering	334 Hamlet	402 More Blunders		468 Wilful Murder
270 Capt. of the Watch	335 Sergeant's Wife	403 Tufelhausen		469 Omnibus (The,)
<b>VOLUME 19.</b>	336 My Wife's Mother	404 Lady of the Came-		470 Rakes Progress
271 Golden Branch	337 Who Speaks First	405 Othello (Ilias		471 Loves Telegraph
272 Beauty and Beast	338 Black Ey'd Susan	<b>VOLUME 28</b>		472 Norma (Opera.) Is
273 Blue Beard (Locks	339 Four Sisters	406 Perdita [Dream		473 Venice Preserved
274 Fair One with Golden	340 Man of Many	407 Midsummer Nights		474 Masaniello (Olym
275 Cymon and Iphig-	Friends [ment	408 Man with Iron Mask		475 Victims
276 Fortunio (genia	341 Petticoat Govern-	409 Second Love		476 Jeannette's Wedd
277 Invisible Prince	342 Wandering Mins-	410 Busy Body (Times		477 William Tell Trav
278 Islands of Jewels	343 Noemie [trel	411 I'll Write to the		478 Frederick of Prus
279 King Charming	344 Waterman	412 Doing the Hansom		479 Marble Bride
280 King of Peacock	345 Little Treasure	413 Bride of Lamer-		480 Was I to Blame!
281 Prince Happy Land	<b>VOLUME 24.</b>	414 White Farm (moor		<b>VOLUME 33.</b>
282 The Sins & Ariadne	346 Don't Judge by ap-	415 Ben the Boatswain		481 St. Mary's Eve
283 Sleeping Beauty	347 Slow Man [pearance	416 Sent to the Tower		482 Friend Waggle
284 Queen of the Frogs	348 Heir at Law	417 Our Wife		483 Michael Erle
285 Bee & Orange Tree	349 Evadne	418 Bamboozling		484 Martha Willis
<b>VOLUME 20.</b>	350 Spring and Autumn	419 Monsieur Jacques		485 Nothing to Nurse
286 Married Daughters	351 20 Minutes with a	420 Lucille		486 Leading Strings
287 Birds Aristophanes	352 White Cat [Tiger	<b>VOLUME 29.</b>		487 Sudden Thoughts
288 Drama at Home	353 Catching a Mermaid	421 Young & Handsome		488 Rivals.
289 Golden Fleece	354 Give a Dog a Bad	422 Harlequin Aladdin		489 Drapery Question
290 Graciosa & Percinet	355 Cozy Couple [Name	423 Conrad and Medora		490 A Serious Affair
291 Hold your Tongue	356 Queen of Spades	424 Family Failing (A)		491 Two Gay Deceiv
292 Two in the Morning	357 Discreet Princess	425 Crinoline		492 Jewess
293 My Great Aunt	358 £5 Reward	426 Captains not a Miss		493 Lady of the Lake
294 My Heart's Idol	359 Twice Killed [fairs	427 Housekeeper		494 Oliver Twist
295 Grist to the Mill				495 Pair of Pigeons (A

*Mrs. Crowe's Play—The Cruel Kindness, 6d.*



<b>VOLUME 34.</b>	539 Woodman's Hut	<b>VOLUME 40.</b>	633 Romeo and J
6 Ellen Wareham	540 King Rene's Daughter	586 Everybody's Friend	Burlesque
7 Brother Ben	<b>VOLUME 37.</b>	587 Richard ye Thirde	634 Dog of Monta
8 Take Care of Dowb.—	541 Going to the Bad 1s.	588 Hunting a Turtle	635 Rendevouz
9 What will they say at	542 Elixer of Love(Opera)	589 Which of the Two	636 Village Lawy
Brompton	543 Matrimony	590 King and I	637 Nursey Chic
10 London Assurance 1s.	544 Going to the Derby	591 Dream Spectre	638 Evil Eye
11 Lalla Rookh	545 Last of the Pigtaile	592 Ici on Parle Francais	639 Shameful Bel
12 Unfinished Gentleman	546 Nell Gwynne	593 Turning the Tables	640 Good for Evil
13 Boots at the Swan	547 Henry 4th, Part 1.	594 Seven Clerks	641 Raymond and
14 Harlequin Novelty	548 Catherine Howard	595 I've written to Brown	642 Tell or Strike of
15 Dead Shot	549 Sheep in Wolf's Cloth -	596 Julius Cæsar	643 Nymph of Lur
16 Irish Tiger	550 Tempest (ing)	597 Three Cuckoos	644 Alfred the G
17 Day well Spent	551 Bonnie Fishwife	598 Whitefriars	645 Jack the Gia
18 Cure for Heart Ache	552 Maid and Magpie	599 Rifle Volunteers	<b>VOLUME 41.</b>
19 Wandering Boys	Burlesque	600 Nine Points of the aw	646 Alice Gray
10 Lady of Lyons Travestie	3 A Twice Told Tale	<b>VOLUME 41.</b>	647 King Thrushb
<b>VOLUME 35.</b>	554 My Aunt's Husband	01 Olympic Revels	648 Household Fa
1 Love Knot	555 Wooing in Jest &c.	602 Olympic Devils	649 Cricket on the
12 Much ado abo't Nothing	<b>VOLUME 38.</b>	603 Deep Deep Sea	650 Head of the M
13 Ticklish Times	556 Tide of Time	604 Caught by the Ears	651 Ruth the last
14 Lucky Hit (A)	557 Little Savage	605 Retained for Defence	loves a Sailo
15 Faint Heart never	558 Jessie Brown	606 If the Cap fits—	652 Beau Brumm
won Fair Lady.	559 Harold Hawk	607 How's your Uncle	653 Farmer's Story
16 Double Dummy	560 Othello Travestie	608 Three Red Men	654 Goose with Gold
17 Spectre Bridegroom	561 King John	609 Tom Cringle	655 Dido
18 Birth Place of Podgers	562 Old Honesty	610 School for Coquett	656 Holly Bush H
19 Crossing the Line	563 33 Next Birthday	611 Ruthven	657 Sisterly Servic
20 Children of the Castle	564 Porter's Knot	612 Babes in the Wood	658 Forest Keeper
21 Nothing venture	565 Aunt Charlottes Maid	613 Water Witches	659 My Wife's 2nd
nothing win	566 Kenilworth Burlesq.	614 Payable on Deman	660 Paphian Bowe
22 Fra Diavolo Burlesque	567 Woman of World	615 Old Offender (An)	<b>VOLUME</b>
23 Margaret Catchpole	568 Milliner's Holiday	<b>VOL. 42.</b>	661 A Tale of Two
24 My Wifes Dentist	569 Rule of Three	616 Extremes 1s.	662 Founded on F
25 Schoolfellows	570 Poor Pillicoddy	617 Road to Ruin	663 Two Polts
<b>VOLUME 36.</b>	<b>VOLUME 39.</b>	618 House or the Home	664 Pork Chops
26 Marriage a Lottery	571 A Life's Revenge	619 Artful Dodge	665 Thrice Married
27 Your Likeness One	572 Iron Chest	620 Chevalier Mason Rouge	666 Duel in the S
Shilling	573 Captain Charlotte	621 John Bull	667 Uncle Zachary
28 Pluto and Proserpine	574 Young Mother	622 Love and Fortune	668 "B. B."
29 Samuel in Search of	575 Nervous Man	623 Rifle & how to use it	669 Change of Sys
30 Twelfth Night (Himself)	576 Henry the Fifth	624 Love and Hunger	670 Miller and his
31 Doubtful Victory (A)	577 Poor Gentleman	625 Peggy Green (Nature	671 Pilgrim of Lov
32 Stock Exchange (The)	578 Midnight Watch	626 Too much for Good	672 Lucrezia Borg
33 Bride of Abydos	579 Satanus	627 Virginus Burlesque	673
(Burlesque)	580 Child of the Wreck	628 Dick Turpin	674
34 Gipsy Farmer	581 Rip Van Winkle (Op.)	629 Magic Toys	675
35 Veteran of 102 The)	582 Catching an Heiress	630 Halvei the unknown	
36 Dying for Love	583 Vandyke Brown	<b>VOLUME 43.</b>	
37 Pierette	584 Jane Shore	631 The Fool's Revenge 1s.	
38 Irish Tutor	585 Electra	632 Husband to order	

**THE COMICAL TRAGEDY OF**  
**PUNCH AND JUDY,**  
 With 24 Illustrations by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, and  
 account of its origin and history.—One Shilling only.

*Memoirs of RICHARD LALOR SHIEL, Orator and  
 Dramatist, in 2 volumes, published at 21s.—7s.*

**The Book of Costume,** a history of Dress in a  
 Countries and Times, with numerous Illustrations—  
 8vo. Cloth Gilt. 5s.

*MEMOIRS of the Opera IN ENGLAND. pub, at 21/ reduced to 3/6*

*Postage Stamps received in payment to any amount*